

Columbus

★ AMERICAN ★
BIOGRAPHICAL
★ SERIES ★

Washington

STORIES OF
GREAT MEN

Penn

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GenColl

Putnam

★
True Stories
for the
Children
of
America

VOL. I.



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OF
GREAT MEN

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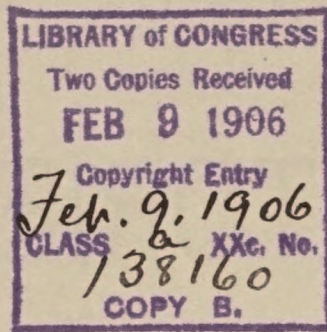
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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.



COLUMBUS.

Columbus was born in Genoa.

Genoa is a town in Italy.

It is a seaport town.

Columbus used to like to sit on the wharves and look off across the water. He used to wonder what he should find if he sailed out to sea.

Often sailing vessels came into the Genoa port. They cast their anchors in the harbor.

Sometimes they came close up to the wharves.

Then Columbus and the other little boys would go on board the vessels.

The sailors used to tell these little boys about other lands far away across the sea.

Columbus would listen all day long to these stories.

They made him want to be a sailor.

“Some time I shall go to sea,” he used to say.

Columbus had three brothers and three sisters.

The children all liked to hear the stories of the sea.

Columbus used to tell them to his little sister.

She would listen with eyes and mouth wide open. The stories were like fairy stories to her.

You must know there were very few books in those days.

There were no books for children.

All little children could learn was what older people would tell them. That is why they listened so eagerly to stories, I think.

By and by Columbus grew to be a big boy.

He liked more than ever to hear the sailors "spin their yarns."

He still loved the sea. He still said, "Some time I shall go to sea."

The father of Columbus was a wool-comber by trade.

He would have been glad to have his boy stay at home and comb wool with him. But he was a wise man. He knew that his boy would not be contented to comb wool.

So he said, "Columbus, if you want to be a sailor, you must be a good sailor. You must be wise.

You must know all about the winds and the tides.

You must learn navigation.

I will send you to a school where you can learn all these things."

Columbus was very happy. He thought his father was the very best father in the world.

So Columbus went away to school.

He studied very hard.

His teachers were glad to teach him all they knew.

"He will be a great man some day," the teachers used to say.

When Columbus had learned all he could at this school, he went home.

He used to tell his father what he had learned.

His father liked to hear about the school.

He was very proud of his big boy.

It was not long before Columbus made his first voyage.

Very soon he was put in command of a number of ships, called a squadron.

This squadron had a battle with another squadron.

In this battle Columbus was very wise and very brave.

The king and queen of Spain were told how wise and brave he had been.

One time his vessel was attacked by a pirate vessel.

Do you know what a pirate vessel is?

It is a vessel that sails up and down the seas, watching for trading vessels.

Pirate vessels are thieves.

When they see a trading vessel, they sail after it.

The trading vessel raises all its sails, and tries to get away.

The pirate vessel follows. If it overtakes the trading vessel, a sea fight takes place.

If the pirate vessel wins the battle, it takes the trading vessel prisoner.

The pirate crew steals everything that can be found stowed away in the trading vessel.

Sometimes they burn the trading vessel. Sometimes they let it go free again.

The seas were full of pirate vessels in these early days.

Do you think Columbus was frightened when he saw the pirate vessel coming?

Do you think he ran away?

O, no; he steered his vessel straight towards the pirate vessel.

He ran his vessel alongside.

He threw his grappling irons over on to the deck of the pirate vessel.

Then the pirate vessel could not get away.

The captain of the pirate vessel began to wish he had not attacked Columbus.

But it was too late now. There was no escape.

The sailors fought bravely.

Neither captain would give up.

By and by the vessels were in flames.

The sailors were frightened. Still Columbus would not give up. Neither would the pirate captain give up.

Columbus did not leave his vessel until the deck fell in.

Then he jumped into the water.

He had an oar in his hands.

With that he swam six miles, and reached the shore.

For many, many years Columbus
“followed the sea.”

He sailed everywhere that any ship had
ever sailed.

He sailed north.

He sailed south.

He wanted to sail away from the land
straight out into the ocean. But the sailors
were afraid.

Of course we know the earth is round
like a ball.

But people in those days believed the
earth was a flat disk.

They believed that somewhere in the
centre of the disk was land.

It was on this land the people lived.

All around them was the sea.

The sea poured over the edges of the
disk.

“If we sail out into the sea, we shall sail too near the edge of the disk!”

This is what the sailors used to say.

“And if we sail too near the edge, we shall sail over it and be lost.”

“But I do not believe the earth is flat like a disk,” Columbus used to say.

“How do you know?” the sailors would ask.

Then Columbus would try to explain to them that the earth was round like a ball.

But they could not understand.

They laughed at Columbus.

They called him crazy.

They would not sail away from land with him.

But Columbus did not give up. He kept on studying. He kept on thinking.

“If the earth is round like a ball, there may be land on the other side of it,” he said.

Columbus grew older. He began to feel sure that the earth was round like a ball.

“If somebody would fit me out with some vessels,” he said.

By and by he went to a king and asked him for help.

He told the king all about his plans. He showed the king the maps he had made. He told him why he believed the earth was round like a ball.

But the king sent him away. He did not believe him.

Columbus then went to another king.

He, too, sent him away.

Columbus would not give up.

For many years he spent his time traveling from one kingdom to another.

He told his plans to the kings in each country.

Columbus had one little boy.

The boy's name was Diego.

Diego was very fond of his father. He thought no other little boy had so wise and good a father.

Columbus did not always have money enough to buy much food for himself and his little boy.

Very often they had only bread and water.

But Diego was a brave little boy.

He would travel day after day across the country with his father.

Sometimes they were very tired. Their feet would grow lame. Then they would creep into some covered place for a night's rest.

Columbus sometimes grew sad and discouraged.

It was hard to travel on foot from one country to another.

One day Columbus and little Diego came to a convent.

They were very hungry, and Columbus asked for food.

The good monk asked Columbus to come in and rest.

Columbus told the monk about his plans. He told him why he believed the earth was round.

The monk listened closely. "I believe you are right!" the monk said.

"I must tell the Queen of Spain about you!"

"Perhaps she will help you. Then little Diego shall stay here with me, and you shall go across the seas."

One day the Queen of Spain sent for Columbus.

She had heard of his plans.

The good old monk had told her about them.

"Perhaps the old man is right," said the Queen.

So Columbus came and laid his maps before her.

He told her why he believed the earth was round like a ball.

The Queen understood him. She believed he was right. She did not call him crazy.

"I will fit out a fleet for you," she said.

How happy Columbus was now! He forgot that he was old. He forgot that he was poor. He forgot how many years he had been begging for help.



He could hardly wait for the ships to be made ready.

Little Diego was glad too! He was proud of his brave father.

Columbus was very glad he could leave his little boy in so safe a place. "I will take good care of him till you come back," the monk said.

There were three ships.

They were called the Pinta, the Nina, and the Santa Maria.

In the vessels there was stored away food enough to last a year.

The sailors were all strong men.

Columbus took with him an army of soldiers.

On the third of August, 1492, this fleet of three vessels set sail, from Spain.

Some of the people cheered.

Some shook their heads and said, "These ships will never come back again."

"They are sure to be lost."

"The man is crazy!"

"It is strange our good Queen should believe such nonsense!"

But the three ships sailed straight out to sea.

Columbus took command of the Santa Maria.

After a few days, the ships reached the Canary Islands.

Here they stopped to repair one of the vessels.

The vessel had sprung a leak.

There were a few bad men among the sailors.

They were cowards. They did not want Columbus to sail away from the land.

One of these cowards had made a hole in the vessel.

Columbus knew that this man had made the hole.

When they set sail again, Columbus took this man in the Santa Maria.

He wanted to keep him near. He knew he must watch him. Such a man could not be trusted.



One day the sailors saw a volcano.
They were frightened.

They were afraid they should be burned to death. There are many volcanoes in the islands of the ocean.

But these sailors had never seen one.

Columbus told them what it was. He told them of other volcanoes he had seen.

They sailed near the island. The volcano was pouring forth its fire and smoke.

The sailors soon learned there was no danger.

Then they were at peace again for a time.

Again a high wind arose. The vessels were blown hither and thither. "O help, help!" cried the sailors.

"Let us go back to Spain!"

"We shall be blown over the edge! We shall be lost!"

But Columbus would not turn back.

He knew the wind would stop blowing by and by.

Another day the breezes died away and there was a "dead calm."

Again the sailors were frightened.

"O turn back! turn back!" they begged.

"We shall stay here and starve to death!"

"There will be no wind to help us westward."

Columbus was glad when again the breeze came up.

For the sailors were growing tired. They wanted to see land.

They were beginning to doubt Columbus.

"He is crazy!" they said.

"How foolish we are to follow a crazy man!"

"Let us put chains upon him and turn the vessels back to Spain."

But one evening Columbus saw something ahead.

It looked like land.

Soon he saw lights.

“I believe there is land ahead!” said Columbus.

But it was dark, and he could not be sure.

Towards morning a sailor on board the Pinta cried, “Land! Land!”

The sailors rushed up on deck.

Yes, there was land!

The captain of the Pinta signaled to the other ships.

There before them lay a long strip of land.

It was still too dark to try to go on shore.

“The water is very shallow here,” said Columbus.

So the vessels cast anchor and waited for daylight.

When at last the sun rose they saw before them a beautiful island.

There were tall green trees. There was waving grass. There were beautiful flowers.

And there were people on the island.

They were not like any people the sailors had ever seen.

Columbus put on a rich scarlet robe and went on shore.

He knelt down among the flowers.

The sailors knelt down with him.

They all thanked God for the beautiful land.

The natives thought these people had dropped down from the skies.

They called the vessels with their white sails, great white birds.

They brought presents to the new people. They brought them food.

Then Columbus and the sailors wandered about the island. They visited other islands near by.

They had never seen anything so beautiful.

The sailors hoped to find gold. Some were angry because they could not.

After a time Columbus set sail again for Spain.

He had a wonderful story to tell the Queen.

As the vessels sailed into the harbor, they were received with shouts and cheers.

Soon the whole city had heard the wonderful news!

Columbus had come back! Columbus had found a new land!

The bells were rung! Cannons were fired! Soldiers marched! Banners waved!

Some of the sailors were sorry and ashamed.

They knelt before Columbus and asked him to forgive them.

Columbus was a kind man, and forgave them.

He could have had them put in prison, but he would not.

He pitied them. "They were so frightened!" he thought. "They could not help it."

But when he went on his next voyage he did not take the cowards with him.

Columbus was now a great man.

Spain was very proud that it had been the Queen of Spain that fitted out the fleet.

The people of Genoa began to boast that Columbus had spent his boyhood in that town.

His old friends began to be very proud that they had been his friends.

Some of the people, however, were very unkind. They were jealous of Columbus.

"Pooh!" they said. "Any of us could have found this new land if we had just

happened to think of it. Nothing so very great about that!"

"Can you make this egg stand on its small end?" Columbus asked these people one day at a great dinner.

Every man tried. Of course the egg rolled over every time.

"I will try it," said Columbus.

So he took the egg, and set it down hard enough to break it. Then it stood very firmly.

"Anybody could do that," sneered the men.

"Of course, if they happened to think of it," answered Columbus.

The men had nothing to say after that.

But Columbus was eager to sail again to the island he had found.

He had left a colony there.

He had told the men to be good to the natives.

The men did not care for what Columbus had told them.

When he had sailed away, they began to be very cruel to the natives.

The natives were angry at this.

They burned the little village Columbus had built for his men to live in.

They killed the white men.

When Columbus came again, there stood the burned village.

Columbus was sorry that the white men had been cruel to the natives.

He now left four hundred men and went back again to Spain.

No sooner had Columbus sailed away, than these four hundred soldiers, also, began to be cruel to the poor natives.

Again they began to steal their children.

They burned their towns.

They made slaves of their prisoners.

Columbus had left his brother in charge of one of the islands.

This brother was very angry.

He called Margarite to him.

Margarite was one of the men Columbus had left in charge of the colony.

Margarite knew he deserved to be punished.

He would not come to the brother of Columbus.

The soldiers went on killing the natives and stealing their children.

They cared nothing for Columbus or his wishes.

Some of these men hurried away in a ship to Spain and told cruel lies about Columbus. The King and Queen did not believe the stories, and Columbus made a third voyage to the islands.

His soldiers were jealous of him.

They were not willing to obey him.

They wanted to make the natives their slaves.

They wanted the natives to find gold for them.

They cared for nothing but gold.

One day one of these men sprang upon Columbus and made him a prisoner.

He said the King and Queen had told him to put Columbus in chains.

They sent Columbus back to Spain.

Columbus was brought before Isabella. The chains were still on his wrists.

Queen Isabella burst into tears when she saw him.

Columbus knelt before her. He covered his face with his hands and cried.

He told her how he came to be a prisoner.

The King and Queen were angry. They had not told this man to put Columbus in chains.

They sent Columbus again to the new land.

He carried papers signed by the King and the Queen.

These papers bade the colonists obey Columbus.

But the colonists cared little for these papers. They allowed Columbus to call himself Governor of the island.

But they did not care what he said.

They did not obey him.

They went on killing the poor natives and making slaves of them.

This made Columbus very sad.

He was a very old man now.

He went back to Spain.

The good Queen was dying.

Had she lived, she would have helped Columbus.

But Columbus' best friend now was gone. He was alone.

The King cared little for him now that the Queen had died.

Columbus had no money.

He was old and could not work.

Hardly could he earn enough for food.

He was often very hungry.

When he died, no one cared.

Hundreds of years after, people began to understand what a great man Columbus was.

A beautiful monument was raised in honor of him at Genoa, and people all over the world began to talk about him.

He never knew what a great country he had found.

He thought he had found a group of beautiful islands.

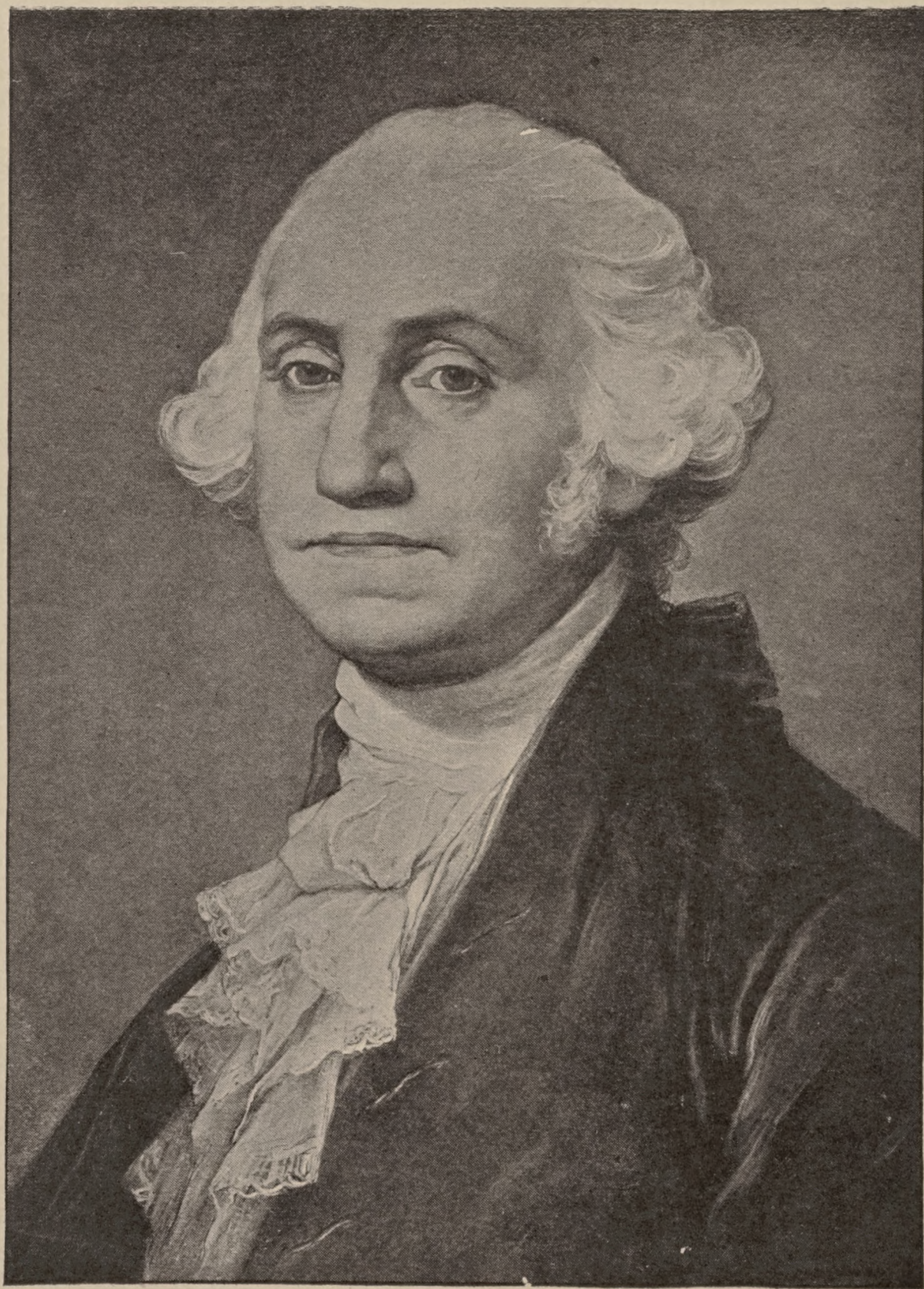
He had meant to explore farther north and south.

If he had been treated fairly, perhaps he would have reached our great continent.

Don't you think our country should have been named for him, instead of being called America?

I am always glad when I hear it called
COLUMBIA.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

George Washington was born in Virginia.

George was not a poor boy.

He did not have to work as Lincoln did when he was a boy.

He had a good education for his times.

Some people think a rich boy is sure to be proud and lazy.

Some people think a poor boy has no chance to succeed in the world.

But Lincoln succeeded even if he was poor.

And George Washington was not proud and lazy even if he was rich.

So you see some people are mistaken.

It doesn't matter whether a boy be rich or poor. He can be a good man and a great man if he wants to be, and will try to be.

George had a kind father.

He loved his little boy, and always tried to make him happy.

George's father never scolded.

When the little boy did wrong, he would try to make him understand why it was wrong.

George was a thoughtful boy.

He meant to do right.

He always tried to understand when his father talked with him.

Once George had a rosy cheeked apple.

He knew he ought to be generous with it.

He knew he ought to share it with his brother and sister. But he did not want to.

It took him a long time to make up his mind to share his apple.

One day his father took him for a walk through the orchards.

The trees were loaded with apples.

"See how generous Mother Nature is with her apples," his father said.

"O father," said George; "it makes me ashamed; I will never be stingy again as long as I live."

George Washington was always a truthful boy.

Once he was given a little hatchet.

Of course he was very proud of its sharp edge.

He went about cutting everything that came in his way.

He had often seen the woodmen cutting down a tree in the forest.

He thought he would play woodman. So he threw off his coat and began to chop at a cherry tree in his father's orchard.

There were so many trees in the orchard, he thought his father would not care.

So he chopped away at the little tree for a long time.

He chopped first on one side, then on the other. That was the way the woodmen did.

Soon the tree began to crack. This was great fun.

One more chop, and down went the cherry tree.

Its branches crashed against the tree next to it.

It did not make as big a noise as the

trees in the forest when it fell; but George played it did.

By and by George's father came into the orchard.

He could hardly believe his own eyes.

His cherry tree cut down! Who could have done it!

He hurried to the house. He was very angry. He called his farm servants to him. He asked them if they knew who cut down the cherry tree. Nobody could tell him.

He called the house servants together; but they knew nothing about the tree.

He shouted to George to come to him. He asked him if he knew who had cut down the cherry tree.

George saw that his father was angry.

At first he was afraid. He did not dare to tell.

He thought he would say he did not know.

Then he thought what a coward he would be to tell a lie.



So he said, "Father, I will not tell a lie to you. It was I that cut down the tree."

George's father was so surprised he could not speak.

He stood staring at the little boy.

"You cut down my cherry tree?" he said at last.

"Yes, it was I," George answered.

Then the tears came into the father's eyes.

He knew how hard it had been for George to tell the truth.

He did not scold his little boy.

He took him up in his arms and said, "My good, honest boy! I am so glad you would not tell a lie. I would rather lose every tree in the orchard than have my boy untruthful."

Little George never forgot the cherry tree and what his father said to him.

George was brave and daring.

He could race. He could leap fences. He could climb trees.

His mother owned a beautiful colt.

The colt had never yet been broken. It was as wild as a colt could be.

No one cared to try to break the colt.

So one day George thought he would try to break it himself.

George was only ten years old.

He jumped upon the back of the wild colt.

He held tight to the colt's mane.

The colt ran. The colt kicked up his hind feet. He almost stood on his head. Again he reared up on his hind feet. But George clung tight.

The colt grew angry; he wanted to throw the boy off.

The colt started down the field. He ran round and round. He shook his head and kicked again.

But it was of no use.

The boy would not let go.

At last the colt made a furious plunge. He struck his head against a wall and fell upon the ground dead.

Poor George was frightened. He had not meant to hurt the colt. He had only meant to train him.

“What will my mother say?” he thought; for it was Mrs. Washington’s favorite colt.

George went into the house to tell her about it.

He knew he deserved to be punished.

But he told the whole truth.

His mother was very sorry, for she loved the colt.

But she loved her little boy more. And when she saw how sorry he was, she forgave him.

When George was fourteen years old, he wanted to go to sea.

There was a war between France and Spain.

He thought he would like to take part in this war.

There was a big British vessel in the harbor. He could go on that vessel. It would carry him to the war. Then he could take his place among the sailor soldiers.

His trunk was already packed.

The British vessel was ready to sail away.

George went to say good bye to his mother. He found her crying.

The tears came into his own eyes. He thought how kind his mother had always been to him.

“O mother, mother,” he cried; “I will not go. I will stay with you until I am a grown up man.”

Just then the signal gun was fired from

the vessel. But the boy did not listen. He thought only of his mother.

"I am so young mother, I can stay here a long time yet," the boy said.

He tried to say it very bravely. For of course it was very hard for him to give up a voyage across the sea.

When Washington became a young man, there was trouble in this country of ours.

The trouble was between England and France in the first place.

England owned colonies here in America. France also owned colonies here in America.

By and by these colonies had their part in the trouble.

This was hard for the colonists.

They had not been in America very many years. The country was a great forest when

they came. There was not a house in the whole country.

No one but Indians lived here then.

So of course the white people had to work very hard to make homes.

Sometimes they had to cut down forests to make farms for themselves.

Most of the colonists were poor when they came to America.

Of course they could not grow rich in a few years.

They had not very many cities when the war began.

Even those cities were very small. We would call them towns.

There were wild Indians in the forests. They were always on the watch to shoot down the white men.

By and by these Indians joined the

French in the war. They fought against the English colonists.

These Indians were cruel.

They were more cruel than any white men could be.

The English colonists were in terror of these cruel Indians.

Now George Washington was just twenty-one years old. He lived in Virginia.

Virginia was an English colony.

The French began to build forts in the western part of Virginia.

Of course they had no right to do that. It was not their colony, and the land was not theirs.

So the Governor of Virginia wished to send a letter to the French commander.

The letter was to tell him he must go out of Virginia at once.

Of course, you know, there were no railroads in those days. There was no such thing as a telegraph or a telephone.

There were no roads, even, in many parts of the country.

Somebody would have to carry the letter.

He would have to travel with it through the forests.

He would have to cross hills covered with snow.

He would have to cross rivers.

It would be a very dangerous journey.

The Indians would be on the watch.

They would kill the letter carrier if they could.

George Washington knew all this.

He knew that very likely he would never get back alive.

Still he was willing to take the letter.

The journey was four hundred miles. Two hundred miles of it was through dense forests.

He started on the 31st of October. He reached the French fort on the 12th of December.

The French commander gave him a letter to carry back to the Governor of Virginia.

George Washington set out through the woods with the letter.

He carried a gun. He had a pack on his back.

In the pack were the letter and food for his journey.

He had not gone many miles when he came upon a party of Indians.

They were lying in wait for him.

They fired at him.

The ball whizzed by his head.

He fired back. The Indians did not try to follow him.

He hurried on. He walked all night long. He walked all the next day.

He expected the Indians would follow him as soon as it was daylight. That was why he walked all night. It would not be so easy to track him if he was a long way off.

The second night he reached a river.

He had hoped to find it frozen.

Then he could have crossed quite easily.

But it was only frozen along the edges.

He had to stop and build a raft.

He pushed himself across on this raft.

When half across, a big piece of ice came floating down.

George Washington tried to push it away with a pole.

He lost his balance and fell into the icy water.

He got back on to the raft, and at length reached the shore in safety.

His clothes were frozen upon him. His teeth chattered. He was chilled through and through.

He built a fire on the shore and warmed and dried himself.

It began to snow now. For fifteen days it snowed or rained all the time.

At night he crept into caves or under trees to sleep. It was bitter cold, but his courage did not fail him.

On the 16th of January, he reached the Governor of Virginia and gave the letter into his hands.

This was Washington's first service for his country.

When Washington was older, the war of the Revolution broke out.

This was a war between England and her own colonies here in America.

Many thought that England had not treated the colonies fairly.

She had never helped them much when they were poor.

Now, when they began to grow rich, the English king thought it would be a good time to make them give up a part of their wealth.

The colonists said this was not fair.

England replied that she needed the money, and must tax them.

The colonists said they would not pay such taxes.

They said that the people only had the right to say when and how much they should be taxed.

England said the colonies belonged to her. She said she had a right to take their towns away from them if she wanted to.

The colonists were very angry.

They still refused to do what they were told to do.

England began putting heavy taxes on everything that was sent into this country.

She said the colonists should pay the tax, or they should not have the goods.

The colonists said they would get along without the goods.

Once England sent over a ship-load of tea. There was a heavy tax on the tea.

The ship came into Boston harbor.

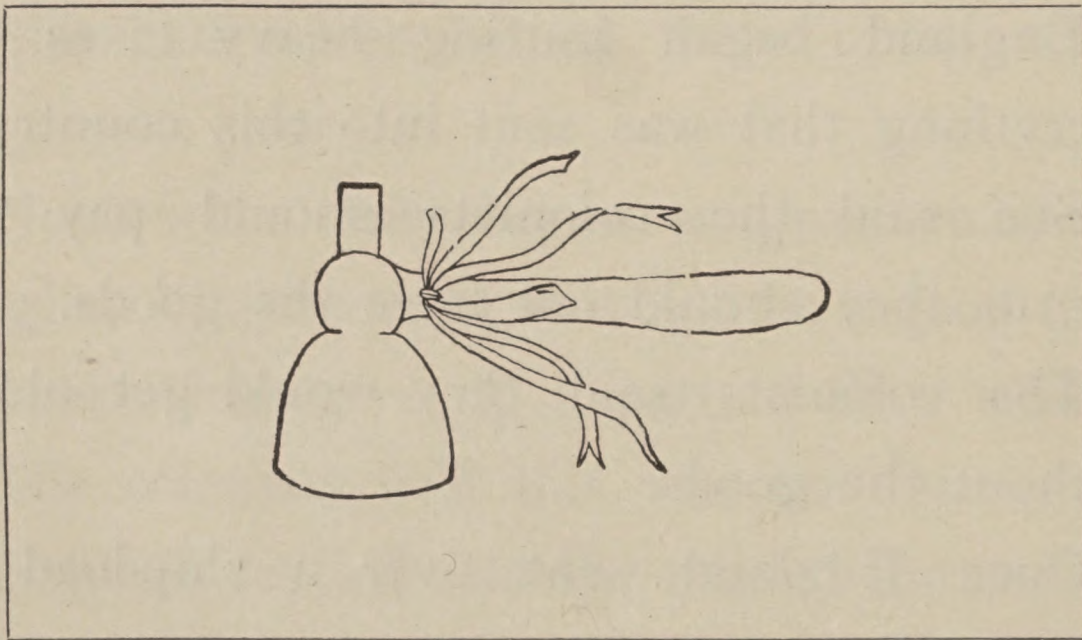
Some Boston people waited till night came.

Then they dressed themselves up like Indians.

They rushed on board the ship. They dragged the boxes of tea up on deck.

They pitched it all over into the sea.

Of course the English were angry when they heard this.



They sent soldiers over to frighten the colonists.

“Very well,” said the colonists, “we will raise an army, too.”

The colonists did raise an army.

This army had no elegant scarlet uniforms as the English had.

It had no gold fringe, or gold lace, or gold buttons as the English had.

But it could fight better than the English soldiers could.

Now, Washington had been very brave during the French and Indian wars.

Everybody in the colonies had heard how brave he had been.

So the people now said, "Let us make Washington our Commander-in-chief."

Washington was very willing to serve his country again if it needed him.

So he came to Boston and took command of all the forces of soldiers.

He was a very wise commander.

He was brave in every battle.

He watched the enemy very carefully.

The enemy began to be afraid of him. "He is too shrewd," they said.

Washington was in many battles. His soldiers loved him. They trusted him. They knew he would always do what seemed best.

By and by the war was over. The "red coats" had been driven out of the country. They were glad enough to go. They had found the colonists too wise for them.

England gave up all control over the colonies. She did not say she owned them any more.

She did not say they should do what she told them to do.

They were now free colonies.

Nobody owned them. They owned themselves.

"Now we must have a new government," the colonists said.

We are not to obey the English King any more. We will have a King of our own.

“But we will not call him King. We will call him President. And he shall hold his office for four years.”

Then they began to ask each other who would be the best man for President.

“George Washington, of course.” That was what everybody said.

He had saved the country in the Revolution because he had managed everything so wisely.

Of course he would make a good President.

Washington was at his home in Virginia now.

The election took place.

One day a messenger came and told him the people had chosen him for their first President.

Washington felt grateful to the people for the honor.

He set off at once for New York. He went in a beautiful coach drawn by several horses.

When he passed through the towns and villages, the people came out and cheered him.

In one town the people strewed the street with roses in honor of him.

In another they built a beautiful arch across the street.

The arch was made of leaves and flowers.

When Washington's coach passed under the arch the people shouted and cheered.

When Washington reached New York, he was met with a band of music.

In the evening he was made President,

and the people cheered till they could cheer no more.

Bands played and there were fireworks everywhere.

Because he was so good, so pure, and had won in the great fight, we call him, "The Father of his Country."

He was a good President.

When the four years were over, the people made him President again. When the second four years were over, the people wanted to make him President again.

He would not allow this.

"No one should be President more than two terms," he said. "Let some one else be President now."

Washington then went back to his Virginia home and lived a quiet, happy life.

And the people said of him,
“GEORGE WASHINGTON,
FIRST IN WAR,
FIRST IN PEACE,
AND FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS
COUNTRYMEN.”



WILLIAM PENN.



James Bern

WILLIAM PENN.

The family of William Penn was one of the noblest in old England.

William was born in a fine old castle.

This castle was very ancient.

The Penn family had lived in it for centuries.

William Penn's father was an admiral in the navy.

He was an honorable, upright man.

He was rather stern, but he never did anything cowardly.

He was very proud of his long line of noble ancestors.

He used to tell little William about them.

Some of them had been soldiers; some of them had followed the sea; but not one of them had ever disgraced the family name.

William's father used to tell this to William very often.

This was because he wanted William to grow to be proud of his noble family.

He wanted him to be so proud of his family that he, too, would be noble.

Little William was proud of his family. He was glad that the Penn family were so true and upright.

He was always proud to say, "I am a Penn."

Everybody respected the Penns.

The poor tenants that lived on the Penn estate were always taken good care of.

Their little dwellings were always warm and comfortable.

If any of the tenants were sick, the Penns always helped them.

The Penns had always treated their tenants kindly for all the centuries the family had dwelt in the fine old castle.

Some of the nobles in England did not treat their people well.

They did not care whether they were sick or well.

They did not care whether they had food or not.

But the Penns were never hard to their tenants.

So you see William Penn came of a good family.

William had a beautiful mother, too.

She wanted her little boy to be good.

His father used to say to him, "Be a great man, my son."

His mother used to say to him, "Be a great man, my son, but first of all be good."

She wanted the little boy to be loving and kind.

She used to tell him that above all things a kind heart was the best.

And little William did have a kind heart.

He loved everything and everybody.

He loved the little birds. He would not have hurt one of them for anything.

He loved the tenants. He was always grieved if one of them was in trouble.

One day one of the tenants came to help William's father do some work.

It was very hard work.

The poor fellow grew very hot and red in the face.

The sweat stood out in big drops on his face.

William watched him very closely. "Father," said William, "you will pay Tom for working so hard for you, won't you?"

"Pay Tom? What ought I to pay Tom for?" said William's father.

"Why, I don't think Tom ought to work like that for nothing."

"Well, perhaps I will pay him," said the father, slowly.

"If you don't pay him in money, you will pay him some way, won't you father?"

"Some day when he has some work to do, you ought to go and help him. You ought to send your big wagon to help him."

Little William was very earnest.

His father laughed.

“Why should I send my big wagon to help Tom, when he has only brought his cart to help me?” he said again.

“But father, the cart is all poor Tom has,” pleaded William; “and you have so many carts on the estate.”

“Bless my brave, little son!” cried the father and he caught the little boy up in his arms.

“Bless my brave, little son! He has a good heart. He is honest and fair! and his father is proud of him.”

So little William grew to be a very noble little fellow.

He was as truthful and honest as any Penn had ever been.

“He will never disgrace the Penn name,” his father would often say.

When William was nine years old, he was sent away to school.

There were no public schools then. Little William had to go away to a boarding school.

He was such a little fellow! It seemed too bad!

He cried very hard when he was told he must go away from his father and mother.

Still he was very glad to go among other boys to study and play.

So one morning the great Penn carriage drove up to the door, and William and his little trunk were put into it.

The carriage rolled away and after a long ride the boy reached the school.

Here he stayed for many years. Every vacation he came back to his home.

These vacations were happy times for the

boy. He had so much to tell about his school life.

And his father and mother grew more proud of him.

The older he grew, the nobler he grew.

"There isn't a coward hair in his head," his father used to say.

By and by he was sent to college.

The teachers in the college were glad to have him come.

Everybody knew he was a noble lad.

"He will be an honor to our college," they said.

For a long time William was very happy in his college work.

But one evening he went to hear a Quaker preacher.

Now these Quakers were a new kind of preachers.

There had never been but one kind of a church in England till then.

But there were people who didn't like the English church.

They wanted a different church service.

So they left the English church.

They had little churches of their own.

They had their own preachers.

These Quaker preachers were very earnest.

They had very kind, loving hearts.

They wanted everybody to be good and happy.

They did not want people to quarrel. They believed war was a great wrong.

William Penn liked this Quaker preacher.

He went to hear him every time he preached.

The preacher's name was Thomas Loe.

Several other boys went with William to hear the Quaker.

They liked him, too.

They said he made them better boys.

But the college teachers did not like to have their boys go to these Quaker meetings.

The English people made fun of the Quakers.

They used to drive them from the towns.

They threw stones at them in the street.

They annoyed them when they were holding their meetings.

This was very cruel; for the Quakers were good, kind people.

They never did anybody any harm.

They always tried to make people good.

But the people did not understand. They

were afraid the Quakers would break up the English church.

This was why the college teachers were not willing to let the boys go to the Quaker meetings.

But William Penn said he must go to hear Thomas Loe.

He said he should go every time the good old man preached.

This made the college teachers very angry.

They expelled William from the college. They sent him home.

They told him never to come back again until he could behave himself.

William went home. He told his father and mother all about it.

William's mother called him her dear, true-hearted boy.

So long as he was a good boy, she didn't care what church he liked best.

But William's father was very angry.

He hated the Quakers.

He said they were silly.

He said they were ignorant people.

William tried to prove to his father that Thomas Loe was not an ignorant man.

He tried to show him that Thomas Loe was a gentleman.

But the father would not listen.

He scolded and scolded.

At last he drove William out of the house.

"You have disgraced the old family name!" he said.

"I am ashamed that a son of mine should want to be a Quaker!"

"Leave my house! And never come back

till you are ready to behave like a sensible boy!"

William went at once to his grandmother's to live.

She was a beautiful old lady, and received the boy very lovingly.

She was kind to him always.

She let him tell her about the Quakers.

She could see no harm in them, she said.

By and by the Admiral, his father, sent for his son to come home again.

William was glad enough to see his dear mother again.

The Admiral had a plan to draw the boy away from the Quakers.

He gave him a great deal of money and sent him to Paris.

Paris is a gay city, and the father hoped

William would have such a gay time he would forget all about the simple Quakers.

But William did not forget.

He had a very happy time in Paris; but he could not quite forget Thomas Loe.

After a year he came back to his father's home.

The boy had improved very much in his manners, while he was in Paris.

This pleased his father.

"Now you act like a gentleman," said his father; you are no longer an awkward boy."

He sent William now to Ireland on another visit.

He wanted him to visit every country in Europe.

But alas for the Admiral! When William reached Ireland, he found Thomas Loe preaching there.

All the old love for the preacher came back again.

He made up his mind he would waste no more time.

He would be a Quaker right away.

He went back to his home and told his father.

His father was angrier than ever now.

He drove him out of the house, and told him never to return.

William went to London at once.

He joined the Quakers, and went up and down the country preaching.

His father groaned when he heard of it. "A son of mine, a Quaker preacher!" he would say.

But William kept on preaching, and telling his people to be kind and loving to each other.

By and by he wrote some little books about the Quakers.

These books made the English people angry.

They put William Penn into prison. They told him if he did not stop his writing and preaching, he should die in prison.

But William Penn was not frightened. He believed he was doing right.

His father heard that his son was in prison.

He was angry now with the people. So angry, that he walked up and down his room and stormed at the people who had put his boy in prison.

“My poor boy! my poor boy!” he cried. “I have been cruel to him! I have been too severe!”

And the poor father sent his carriage at once to the prison. With a messenger he

sent a large sum of money with which to buy William out of prison.

The next morning the young man came walking into the house.

His mother did not know he was coming.

The Admiral had kept it from her.

He wanted her to have a happy surprise.

William was dressed in his Quaker suit.

All Quakers wore broad brimmed hats and drab colored coats.

William's face was shining with happiness.

His mother ran to meet him, and threw her arms around his neck.

The father grasped his hand, and said, "Welcome home, my good honest hearted boy!"

Never were there three happier people.

But the Admiral was an old man now. For a long time he had been quite ill.

William saw that his father was pale and sick.

He grew weaker and weaker every day.

He did not live very long.

William did not go away again as long as his father lived.

He took care of him very lovingly.

Almost the last words the old man said were, "My good faithful boy!"

William Penn was now a very rich man.

He was heir to the grand old Penn castle and grounds.

The people of the village were now all his tenants.

But William was not willing to settle down and live on his estate.

He said that such a life would be too idle for him.

The world needed him, he believed; and he wanted to help the world.

Now during all these years the Quakers had been most cruelly persecuted.

Some of them had fled to America; but the people there persecuted them quite as cruelly.

There were not very many people in America.

There were vast tracts of land where no one but Indians had ever lived.

William Penn thought the Quakers might go and make homes for themselves in these parts of America.

Of course they would have to cut down forests, and clear away brush, and cut out roads in the forest.

Of course it would be very hard work; still

the poor Quakers needed some place of their own.

The Puritans had already come over to America.

They had made a fine home for themselves on the coast of Massachusetts.

Penn thought the Quakers might do as the Puritans had done.

So he went to the English king to buy a tract of land.

The king was glad enough to get the Quakers out of the country.

So he sold a tract of land to Penn. He sold it willingly and gladly.

Then he said to Penn, "What are you going to do with the Indians you will find there?"

"We shall make friends with them," Penn answered.

The king laughed. "Do you think the

Indians will want to be friendly with a people who come and steal their lands from them?"

"We shall not steal their lands away from them," said Penn; "we shall buy them."

"Buy them!" cried the king. "Why, haven't you just bought them of me?"

"Yes," said Penn, "I have just bought them of you; but you had no right to sell them. They were not yours to sell. I had to pay this money to you because you claim the land for yours."

The king was amazed. "Why, didn't England's men discover these lands?"

"Yes."

"Then don't they belong to England?"

"If the Indians had happened to cross the Atlantic in their little canoes, and if they had discovered England, would you say England belonged to them? Would you say they

had a right to sell England piece by piece?"

"Well, no," laughed the king; but then the cases are not alike."

"I think the cases are just alike," Penn answered. "And so, when I get to America, I shall buy this land all over again of the Indians. The land belongs to them. They are the only ones who have a right to sell it."

"But shan't I send some soldiers along with you?" said the king. "You will need them to protect you."

"Thank you, no," said Penn. "If we treat the Indians rightly, they will treat us rightly."

Of course the king thought Penn was foolish, but he cared little about it. If the Quakers would leave England, he would be quite content.

So he made out the papers and put his seal

upon them. In these papers he called the new tract of land Pennsylvania, and stated that it now belonged to William Penn.

Penn set to work at once to get a number of Quakers to take to America with him.

He told the Quakers of his purchase, and offered to sell them homesteads for a very small amount.

The Quakers were glad enough to go, and in a short time Penn and his people set out across the ocean.

They sailed in the ship *Welcome*. The Puritans, you know, came over in the ship *Mayflower*.

After a voyage of seven weeks the *Welcome* reached Pennsylvania.

Penn at once sent a man to talk with the Indians.

This man told the chief of the Indians that

the great white man wished to talk with him the next day.

“What time?” asked the chief.

“At the time when the sun is at just half-way in the sky.”

The chief understood this and promised to come and talk with the white man.

The chief had already heard of Penn. Some one had told him that Penn's people never did any wrong to any one.

This made the chief all the more willing to talk with him.

The next day Penn and his people went on land.

The chief with his warriors came to meet them.

They had a long talk together.

Penn made a long speech to them.

Here is what he said:

“Brothers, listen. We come to say good words in your ear.

We call you brothers; and so you are.

And we are your brothers, too.

The white men and the red men are all the children of the Great Spirit.

And so we ought to love one another and never quarrel.

The Great Spirit says so.

He says we have no need to quarrel; for he has made the world big, and there is room for all of us.

And he has made fish and deer and turkeys enough for us all to eat.

The Great Spirit says we must not fight, for fighting makes the Great Spirit angry.

Now, brothers, you see our great canoes.

You know that we have guns.

You know that we have bows and arrows.

Our guns send out thunder.

Our arrows carry the lightnings.

We could kill you. We could take your lands away from you.

But the Great Spirit says we must not hurt our red brothers.

Now we will not take your land away from you.

We will buy the land from you. We will pay you for it whatever you ask.

Let us be friends to each other."

Then William Penn sat down, and the chief arose.

"Brothers," said the chief, "your words are kind. They are warm, like fire. They warm our hearts. We will be friends. We promise never to harm the people of William Penn."

Then the chief and Penn rose and shook each other's hand.

Then Penn shook hands with all the other lesser chiefs.

Of course Penn did not give the Indians money for their land.

They would not have known what to do with money.

He gave them all kinds of gifts. He showed them what he had in his ships, and he gave them all they asked for.

Here are some of the things he gave them: guns, bright red blankets, knives, spoons, pipes, scissors, combs, sugar, molasses, jews-harps, and looking-glasses.

It was very funny to see them look at themselves in the looking-glasses.

The jews-harps they thought were most wonderful. They would try to dance by the music.

They liked the sweet taste of the sugar and molasses.

This is called Penn's treaty with the Indians.

It happened beneath the boughs of a great tree.

That tree stood for a great many years. It was called the Penn tree.

One day there came a great wind. The old tree blew down.

The people gathered up even the smallest pieces of its wood.

They made the wood into pen-holders and all kinds of pretty little boxes.

These boxes and pen-holders were for souvenirs.

Penn began at once to lay out a city.

He called his city Philadelphia.

The word is a Greek word.

It means City of Brotherly Love.

He laid out the same broad straight streets that we see in the city to-day.

He laid out beautiful parks and planted them with trees.

The people were delighted with the city.

They began at once to cut down the woods and make the streets.

They built their houses so fast that there was quite a little town before winter came.

By and by another ship load of people came over. They brought timbers with them to build their houses with.

Later still, another ship load came. They were too poor to bring timbers for their houses.

It was too late for them to fell trees to build their houses from.

So they hollowed out caves in the banks along the river.

They lived in these caves till spring. Then they set to work to build their houses.

Penn stayed in the colony until everybody had a comfortable home.

He stayed until affairs were well settled.

A great many people, not Quakers, came to live in the colony.

They came because they had heard what a happy colony it was.

They had heard that the Indians never harmed the white people.

They had heard that the Indians and the white men were the best of friends, and that the Indians often brought the white men food from the forest.

Penn was willing these other people should come if they would promise not to wrong the Indians.

He was willing they should come if they would agree to the laws the Quakers had made for their colony.

Then Penn went back to his home in England.

He had some dear little children of his own in England.

He wanted to see them, and they wanted to see him.

After he had gone back to England, some of these people who had come into the colony broke the treaty with the Indians.

The Indians were angry.

They planned to attack these people.

But they meant to be very sure not to hurt a Quaker.

They went up and down the streets and placed a white feather over the door of each Quaker's house.

This meant that they would not harm these houses or the people who dwelt in them.

William Penn was not idle when he went back to England.

He found the Quakers there in great trouble.

Many of them had been thrown into prison. Penn paid money to get them free.

Then he went to the king and told him how the Quakers were being persecuted.

He begged him to tell his people to be less cruel to them.

Penn was getting to be quite an old man now.

He lived very quietly and happily in his old home for many years.

And when at last he died, people said, "Good, kind William Penn."

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

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ISRAEL PUTNAM.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

Israel Putnam was born on a farm in Massachusetts.

There were no very large cities in this country then.

There were not very many people.

Nearly every family had a large farm of its own.

There were no large school-houses.

School kept only a few weeks each year.

Sometimes there were no school-houses.

The children then went to school in some good woman's house.

The good woman taught the children to read and write.

Israel Putnam had eleven brothers and sisters.

These twelve children had great fun playing and working together.

They searched for flowers in the spring.

They helped their father in haying time.

They gathered nuts in the autumn.

In the winter they went to school.

Sometimes the snow-drifts were very deep.

Sometimes the old farm-house would be snowed in days at a time.

Then the children baked apples and popped corn and told stories.

When the roads were "broken out," the children would go to school again.

Of course Israel did not have a very good education.

The terms were so very short! But he was a plucky little fellow.

He learned what he could.

He had sharp wits.

Some people think sharp wits are as good as an education.

Israel did not think so.

He was often sorry he had no education.

But he did the best he could.

"I can be strong and brave," he used to say.

And he was strong and brave.

Once there was a fine empty bird's nest that the boy wanted.

It was out on a frail bough.

The boy climbed out for it. The bough cracked, and down he came.

To the ground? O, no. Luckily he caught on a bough below.

And there he hung until he was rescued by his playmates.



He was only a little boy when he learned to plant.

By and by he learned to pitch hay.

As soon as he was strong enough, he learned to drive the plough.

He learned to set traps.

He learned to shoot.

In those days there were bears and wolves and foxes in the forests.

Every boy needed to know how to set traps and to shoot.

Sometimes these bears and wolves and foxes would come out of the forest.

They would come up into the barn-yards.

The foxes liked to steal the little chickens.

The wolves liked to steal the sheep and lambs.

One winter the farmers lost a great many sheep.

“There is a wolf somewhere about,” said all the farmers.

Every night the farmers watched for the wolf.

They saw him, but they could not catch him.

Israel was a young man now.

He lived on a nice farm of his own. This farm was in Connecticut.

His sheep, too, were stolen.

"We must hunt this wolf," said Israel to his neighbors.

So one morning the farmers took their guns, and they all went into the woods.

By and by they saw the wolf.

But the wolf saw the farmers.

The wolf saw the guns.

He knew very well what the farmers had come for.

He ran. The farmers ran after him.

The wolf ran into a cave.

The cave was his home.

"We've lost him!" cried the farmers.

"We won't give him up yet," said Putnam.

"Let's smoke him out."

So they built a fire at the mouth of the cave.

But the smoke did not fill the cave.

The wolf did not care for the smoke.

He was away in under the rock.

"It is no use," said the farmers. "We may as well go home."

"Never!" shouted Putnam.

"I will go in and shoot the wolf!"

"You!" cried the farmers.

"He will tear you in pieces!"

"I am not afraid," answered Putnam.

Then he crept into the cave. It was dark and damp.

He could not see.

He crept in so far the farmers could not see him.

“The wolf will spring at him!” they said.
By and by Putnam saw two balls of fire.
They were the two angry eyes of the wolf.
He aimed his gun straight at them.

The wolf growled, but Putnam was not afraid.

Bang! went the gun.

Putnam heard the wolf howl.

He knew he had hit him.

He crept towards the wolf.

He seized him by the head.

The smoke choked Putnam so that he could hardly breathe.

But he crawled to the mouth of the cave, dragging the wolf after him.

The farmers pulled him out from the cave.
He could scarcely speak.

His face was black with smoke.

But Putnam did not care. He had killed the wolf!



From that day the farmers looked upon Putnam as a hero.

Every farmer in Connecticut was told of his brave act.

By and by there was a war in this country. The Indians took part in this war.

“We will make Putnam our captain,” said the farmers.

Of course Putnam was a brave captain.

Once the Indians took him prisoner.

Putnam escaped just in time to save his life.

The Indians followed him to the river.

This part of the river was dangerous to cross.

Even the Indians did not dare cross at this place.

Putnam called to his men to get into the boat with him.

They rowed themselves across the river.

The Indians were amazed! “Great Brave!” they said.

They did not try to follow him.

They did not dare to try.

They wondered how the white man had dared to cross the river at that place.

They told other Indians about it.

Some of the Indians were afraid of Putnam after that.



They thought if he dared go down the rapids he would dare anything.

They were afraid he would attack them some time when they were not expecting him.

For a long time they kept a sharp lookout for the brave white man.

When the war was over, Putnam went back to his farm.

He was glad to come back.

He liked to be with his family.

He liked to live on his farm and take care of his cattle.

He was willing to fight when his country needed him ; but he was glad to live at home after the war was over.

When Putnam was about fifty years old there was another war in this country.

England had tried to make the people in this country obey her laws, and give their money to her.

Our people thought England had no right to tell them what they should do.

England sent over troops of soldiers to frighten the people.

The soldiers made war upon the people.

The people were not frightened.

They began to raise armies, too.

“If England wants to fight, we will fight,”
the people said.

Now in the war with the French and
Indians, Putnam had been very brave.

Everybody knew how brave Putnam had
been.

So when this war broke out, the people said,
“We must have Putnam!”

Now, Putnam did not know the war had
really begun.

There were no daily newspapers in those
days. There were no telegraphs. There were
no telephones.

There were no railroads.

It took a long time to carry the news from
one village to another.

That was why Putnam had not heard that
the war had begun.

He was at work out in his field.

He was ploughing.

He saw a soldier on horseback.

He was hurrying along the road.

He drove up to Putnam's house.

He got down from his horse.

He hurried down into the field.

"What news?" said Putnam.

"The war has begun," said the soldier.

"There has been a battle."

"The English soldiers are in Boston."

"They mean to drive us out."

"We mean to drive them out."

"We want you to come and help."

Putnam said, "I will come."

He hurried up to his farm.

He did not even wait to drive his oxen up from the field.

He left them standing in the furrow.

He did not even wait to put off his working clothes.



He mounted his horse and started for Boston. When he reached Boston, the people cheered.

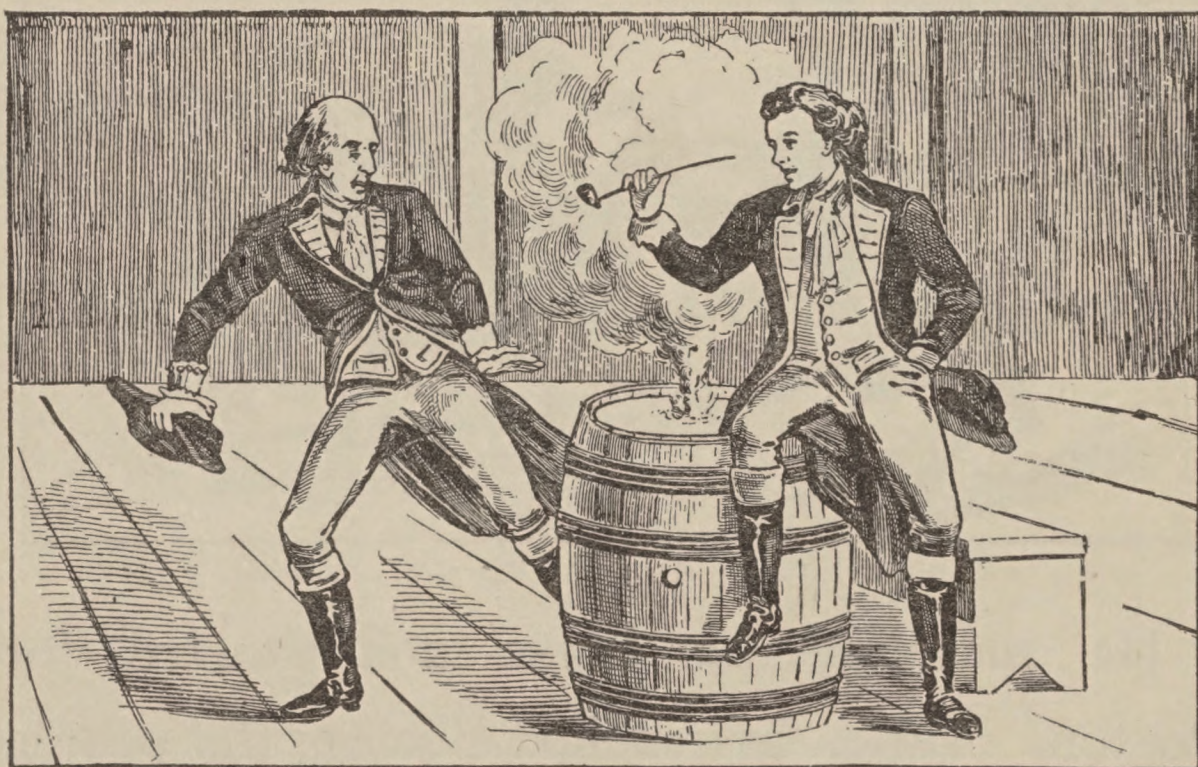
He was made a major.

He made himself and his men ready for battle.

He was Major Putnam now.

His friends used sometimes to call him "Old Put."

By and by he was called General Putnam. Then he was called Major-General Putnam. In every battle Putnam won new honors.



He was never afraid. He never hesitated.

Once a British soldier wanted to fight a duel with Putnam.

"All right," said Putnam, "But let us not shoot each other."

"Let us sit on this keg of powder, and I will light the fuse."

Of course the Britisher was frightened. He ran away.

"Ha, ha; ha!" laughed Putnam when he was gone. "It was only a barrel of onions with a bit of powder on top!"

It made his soldiers brave to fight under such a general.

Whenever there was danger, Putnam always led the way.

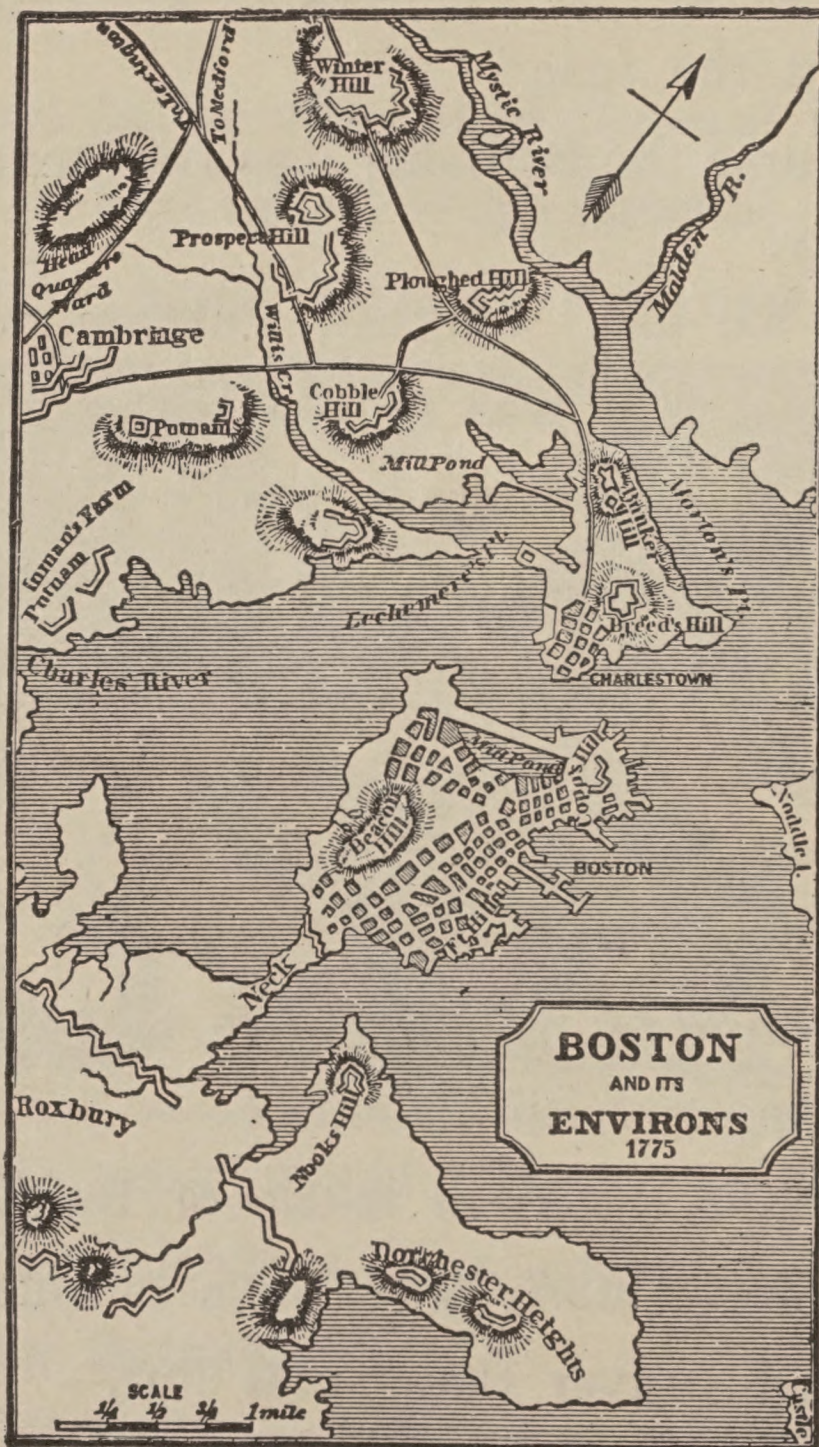
This made his soldiers trust him.

They knew he would always take his share in all dangers with them.

He was in the great battle of Bunker Hill.

There were many brave men in that battle. None were braver than "Old Put."

He fought in this battle with his hat off. He said he could not be bothered with hat and plumes in battle.



Putnam's hair was white and thin and long. It blew out in the wind. During battle, he rushed from one place to another like a wild man.

He kept up the courage of his own soldiers, Even the other officers grew brave as they saw him so brave and daring.

At another time he and his soldiers were on a high hill in Connecticut.

This hill was slanting on one side. The other side was steep and rocky. It was almost as straight up as the side of a house.

The English soldiers saw him there on the hill with his soldiers.

"We will attack him," said they.

"It is a good chance to capture him."

"He will have to stand and fight. The other side of the hill is so steep, his men cannot retreat."

“They will fight as long as they can; then they will give up to us. They will be our prisoners.”

So the English rushed to the foot of the hill on the slanting side.

There was no chance for Putnam's men to escape.

It would not be a fair battle. There were too many English for his little band of soldiers.

Beside that, there was no room to fight on the top of so small a hill.

Now Putnam was brave, but he was never reckless in battle.

He shouted to his men, “Run! run! run! for your lives! Run down the side of the hill! Cross the swamp! The English horsemen will not dare to follow! They will be afraid! They might sink in the black mud! Run! run! run!”

So away went the soldiers down the side of the hill and across the swamp.

The English were already on the hillside.

"They run!" cried one English soldier.

"Who supposed Old Put would ever refuse to fight?" cried another.

"He knew he had no chance!" cried another.

"He's a wise old man!" cried another.

All this time Putnam himself sat on horseback on the hill-top.

He had driven all his soldiers down the hill.

He was alone.

The English were now around him on three sides.

"We shall take him prisoner!" said the English officer.

"There's no chance for him to escape."

So they rushed up the hillside.

“You sha’n’t take me alive!” said Putnam to himself.

What do you suppose he did then?

Why, he turned his horse about and drove down the steep side of the hill.

The horse trembled and held back.

“Go on, go on,” old fellow!” shouted Putnam.

And the good old horse did go on.

The horse knew there was danger.

He knew the “red-coats” were behind him.

He knew they would kill him and his master if he stayed on the hill.

He seemed to know all about it.

So he tore down the steep rocky cliff like a mad horse.

He leaped from rock to rock.

Sometimes he stood almost on his head.

Sometimes he stumbled and almost fell.



Putnam looked up. He saw the English on the edge of the cliff.

They were so surprised they could not speak.

They expected to see horse and rider roll down the steep cliff.

“The horse will surely lose his footing!” they thought.

“They will be dashed in pieces!”

“They will be killed!”

But the horse did not lose his footing. They did not roll down the hill. They were not dashed in pieces.

Then the English soldiers began to aim their muskets at Putnam.

The balls whizzed about him.

They came thick and fast!

He expected to be shot.

“No matter,” he said; “they didn’t take me prisoner.”

One ball went through his hat.

“Pretty close,” said the hero.

At last the good old horse reached the foot of the cliff. Then he bounded away across the plain.

“Well, there’s a plucky soldier!” said the English officers.

Their shots could not reach him now. Putnam was safe.

Then the English soldiers went back down the hill.

They never forgot Old Put.

One Fourth of July, Putnam called his men together.

“We must do something to make a big noise,” he said.

“We must show the British we know what the Fourth means.”

So the men all went up on a high hill. They pried up a great boulder and sent it rolling down into the valley.

It tore up trees as it rolled. It made a noise like thunder.



“What will those Yankees do next?” said the angry Britishers.

At one time the people wanted a place on the Hudson River for a military station.

They wanted a place that no enemy would dare attack.

The generals in the army talked about it.

The people talked about it.

They wondered if there was such a place.

Several places were spoken of.

No one of them quite suited the army officers.

At last Putnam spoke.

"I know a place," said he.

"It is a little above New York City."

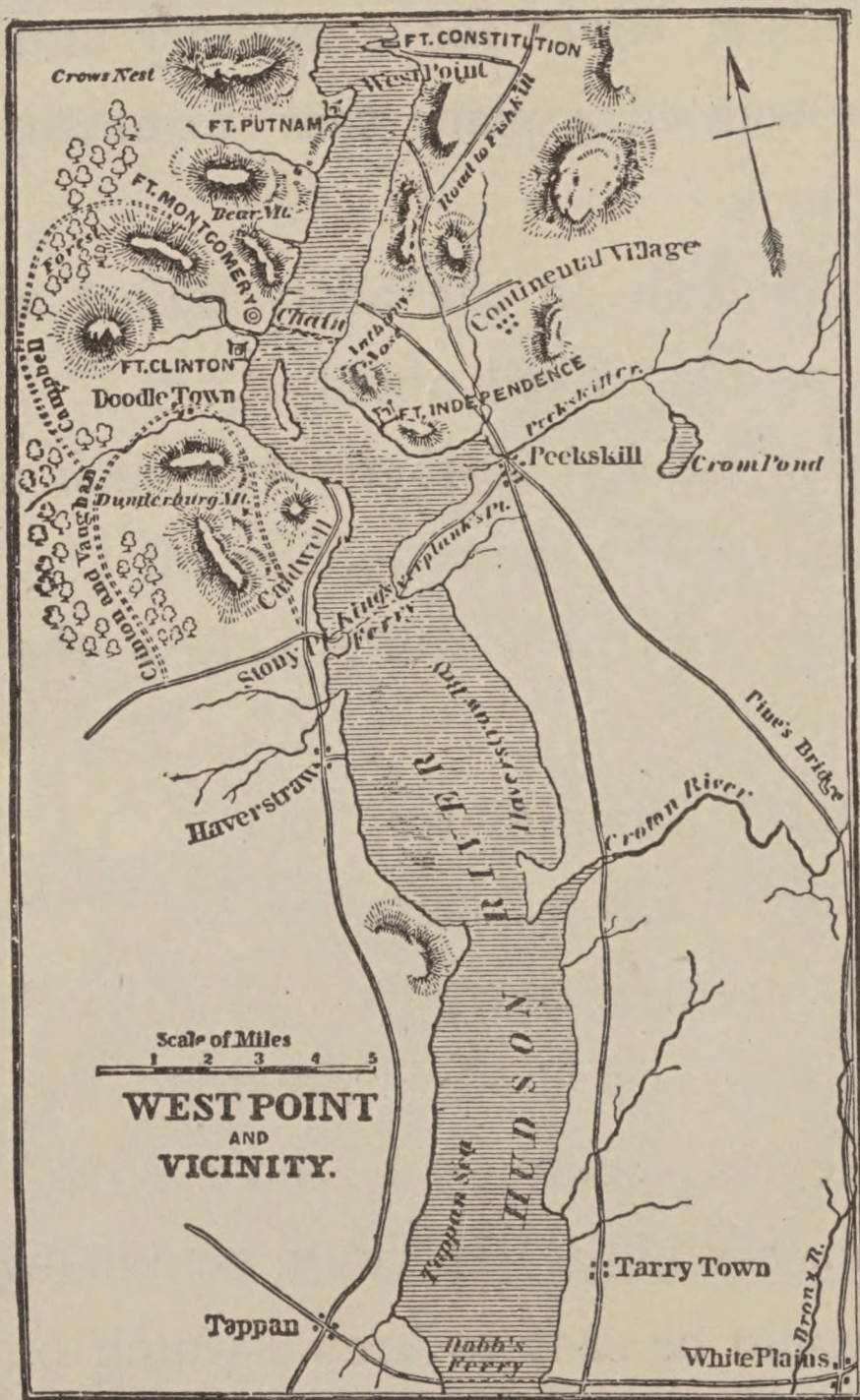
"There are great cliffs down to the river."

"No enemy could scale those cliffs."

"It is very high. It would be a safe place."

"It would be easy to keep a watch out over the country."

"If an enemy's vessels came up the Hud-



son, it would be easy to fire down upon them."

The army officers talked this over.

"Old Put is right!" said one.

"Old Put is always right!" said another.

"Three cheers for Old Put!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

This site was chosen.

You have heard about it.

It is West Point.

Perhaps the boys know there is a famous military school there for young men.

Just before the war was over, General Putnam fell sick.

He went back to his farm.

"I am ready to serve my country again if she wants me!" he used to say.

But there were no more wars.

Israel Putnam lived to be a very old man.

When he died a monument was raised to his memory.

There were a great many words upon this monument.

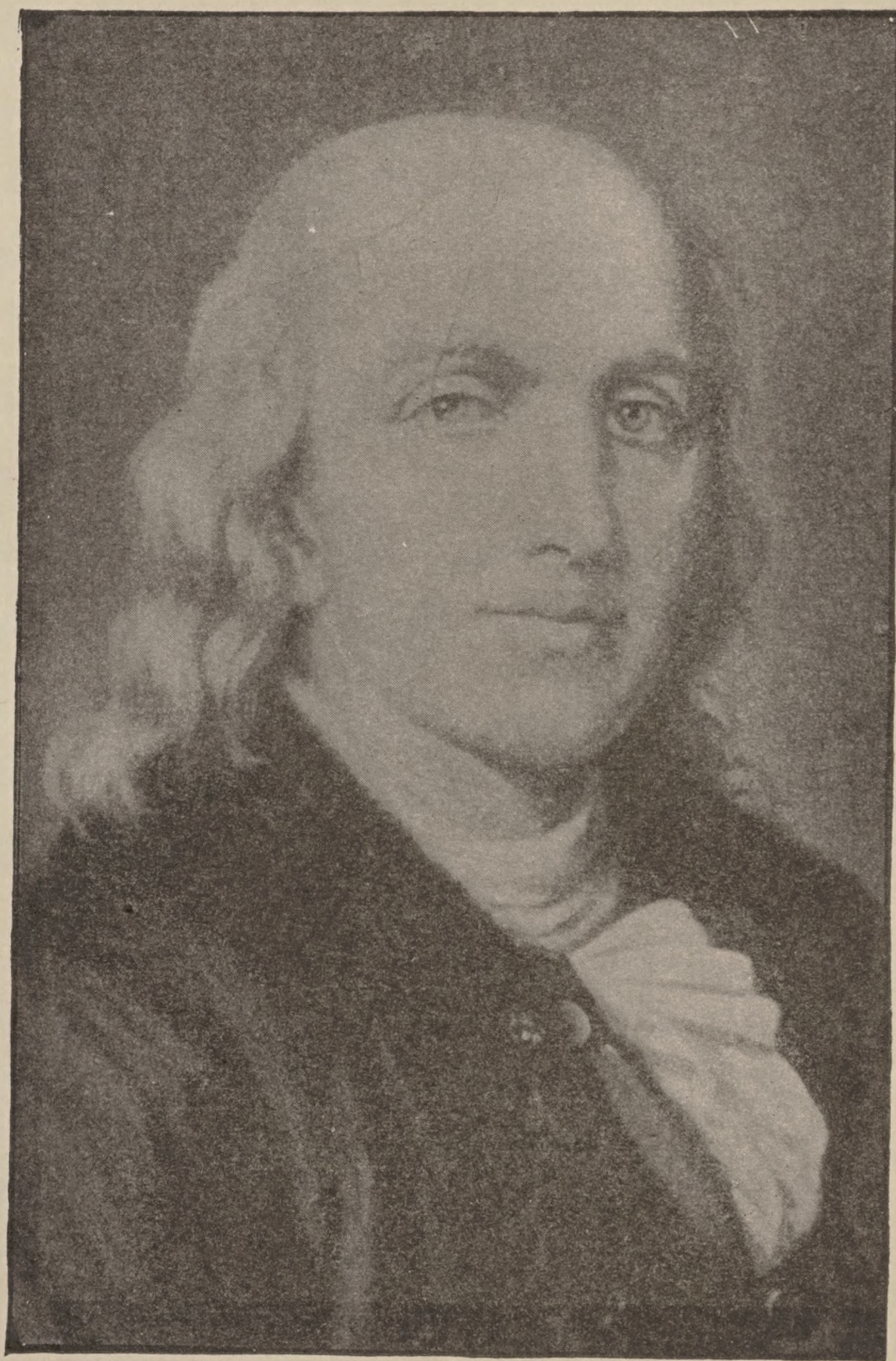
The words told all about his brave life.

People did not forget him for a long time.

The old men used to tell their children and their grandchildren about him.

And they used to say of him : " Remember, children, Israel Putnam dared lead where any dared follow."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin was born a long time ago.

He was born in an odd little wooden house in Boston.

The house was very near the old South Church.

Benjamin was born on Sunday. "Let us take him across the street to the church this very day," said his father. "We will have him christened at once."

So the little baby went to church, you see, the very day he was born.

Benjamin had a great many brothers and sisters.

Benjamin was always glad of this. They used to have such good times.

He thought little boys with no brothers and sisters must be very lonesome.

Benjamin was named for an uncle.

This uncle was always very fond of his namesake.

He had a little boy of his own, and he and Benjamin were great friends.

This uncle lived in the family with Benjamin. He was Benjamin's father's favorite brother.

The house Benjamin was born in stood for a hundred years.

Then it was burned down.

The old church still stands.

There were only three rooms in this house where Benjamin was born.

It was a large family for so small a house.

But there was a big fireplace. The children liked this.

They could all sit before it in the long winter evenings.

They told stories before the fire.

The father and the uncle would read to them.

Benjamin's father was a soap-boiler. He made candles, too.

You know there were no great factories in those days.

There was very little machinery.

Everything was made by hand.

So Benjamin's father made the soap and the candles for the Boston people.

Boston was only a small town.

Benjamin could look out from his windows and see the bay.

There was a beach.

There were broad fields where flowers grew.

Just outside the town, men often shot bears.

Wolves would often come into the town.

There were fine berry pastures just beyond Benjamin's home.

There were no railroads.

There was one Boston lady called Madam Knight.

She made a journey to New York.

She wrote about it when she came back.

It took her two weeks to get to New York.

She went on horseback.

She passed through many little towns.

But nearly all the way, she traveled through the woods.

She passed many Indian camps.

She had to cross many small rivers.
Her guide would find a shallow place.
Then the horse would cross in the shallow water.

It takes five hours to go from Boston to New York now.

Benjamin learned to read when he was very young. Almost as soon as he could talk.

He learned very quickly. His big brothers and sisters liked to teach him.

Benjamin's father thought he would be a minister.

Benjamin's uncle thought so, too.

He gave him a big book of sermons when he was only a little boy.

Benjamin read them, although he could not understand them.

His uncle thought he was a wonderful child.

But Benjamin did not care to be a minister. His father could not afford to keep him in school very long.

He would have liked to send him to college.

But Benjamin had to leave school. He had to go to work when he was only ten years old.

He helped his father.

He learned to make candles.

He could cut the wicks.

Then he learned to dip them in the tallow.

Benjamin liked to fish.

The other boys liked to fish, too.

There was a mill-pond near Benjamin's home.

On one side of this pond the boys used to stand and fish.

They had broken the little bank down.

It was very muddy there.

“We might make a wharf here,” Benjamin said.

Near by lay a heap of stones.

A man was going to make a wall with them for his cellar.

“Let’s build a wharf with these stones,” said Benjamin.

The boys thought this would be fun.

After dark they all came down to the pond.

They worked nearly all night.

They built a fine wharf.

The next morning the man came for his stones.

They were all gone.

He saw them on the edge of the mill-pond.

“The little rascals!” he said.

“I know who did that!”

Then he went to Benjamin's father.

Benjamin's father did not whip the boy.

"I don't think it was wrong," Benjamin said.

"But you stole the stones," said the father.

"Yes, I know we stole the stones.

"But we needed them.

"If the man used them, they would do good only to one person.

"If we took them, they would do good to several persons."

Benjamin's father did not agree with him.

The boys were made to carry the stones back where they found them.

The boys were tired enough when they had finished.

They never tried to steal stones again.

Benjamin liked to swim.

He learned to swim when he was a very little boy.

He used to lie on his back on the water and float.

Once when he was a man, he went to sleep on the water.

He slept a whole hour.

Benjamin was always trying to invent.

He used to like to fly kites.

One day he tied a stick to his kite string.

Then he got into the water.

He turned over on his back.

The kite was still high in the air.

He found that the kite would pull him along on the water.

All he had to do was to hold the stick

This was great fun.

The other boys tried it.

They could not lie on the water as well as Benjamin could.

Benjamin did not like to make candles.

He was very unhappy.

His father was afraid the boy would run away to sea.

Benjamin liked to read.

He always had a book in his hand.

"I will have the boy learn the printing business," his father said.

He thought if Benjamin liked to read books he would like to print them.

Benjamin's older brother James was a printer.

Benjamin was bound as apprentice to his brother till he was twenty-one years old.

He used to borrow books from the booksellers.

He would return the book in the morning.

Then the bookseller would sell it.

Benjamin never hurt the books he borrowed.

If he had, the bookseller could not have afforded to lend them.

When Benjamin was an apprentice, he wrote a poem.

It was all about a shipwreck.

People bought the poem.

This made Benjamin quite vain.

His father laughed at him. He did not write many more poems.

His brother used to have to pay Benjamin's board while he was an apprentice.

One day Benjamin said, "Will you give me the money you pay for my board?"

"If you will, I will pay my own board out of it."

But James only laughed at him.

“Will you give me half what you pay for my board?”

James could not find any fault with that.

So James gave him each week the money, and Benjamin boarded himself.

He lived very poorly, of course.

He didn't buy any meat.

He didn't buy any pie and cake.

He lived on just plain food.

He found he could save a little money every week, if he lived on plain bread.

With the money he bought books.

There were very few newspapers when Benjamin was a boy.

There was only one in Boston.

That was a very small paper.

It had only one sheet.

James Franklin thought he should like to print another paper.

So he started the "New England Courant."
People laughed at him.

They thought one paper was enough for
America.

But James was sure he could make a
better paper.

Benjamin now was quite a young
man.

He used to carry the papers to the sub-
scribers.

One day he thought he would write for
his brother's paper.

So he sat up all night and wrote.

Early in the morning he carried it to his
brother's printing office.

He tucked it under the door.

When his brother came he found it.

He did not know who had written it.

"This is a fine article," said he to his

workmen. And they all stopped work to hear it read.

“Who could have written it?” said James.

“Somebody who is well read,” said one man.

“Somebody who is very wise,” said another.

“It is the best article we have had,” said James.

Benjamin heard all this.

But he did not tell.

His brother would have been very angry.

He was never very kind to Benjamin.

Sometimes he would whip him.

Benjamin would often complain to his father.

But the father could not help him very much.

By and by James found out who had written these articles he had been printing.

He was angry — very angry.

He flew at Benjamin.

He called him names.

Benjamin could hardly bear it.

He waited for a chance to escape from his brother.

By and by, James was arrested. He had printed something that the governors did not like.

“I will print the paper while you are in prison,” said Benjamin, “if you will give me my freedom.”

James agreed to this.

So Benjamin took care of the paper till James could come back.

Then Benjamin was free.

He left his brother's office.

He meant to get work somewhere else.

But James was jealous of him.

He told mean stories about him.

He made the other printers afraid to hire him.

James thought Benjamin would have to come back to him.

But Benjamin said he would starve before he would go back.

So he ran away.

He sold all his books.

Then he hid on board a vessel.

The vessel took him to New York.

He was seventeen years old.

He knew nobody in New York.

He had only a few coppers.

But he didn't care. He was sure he could earn his living somewhere.

He found there was only one printer in New York. There wasn't any newspaper. There wasn't even a bookstore.

The printer did not need any help. But he told the boy to go to Philadelphia.

Benjamin set out for this town at once.

It took him a long time to reach there.

He had to make the journey by boats.

There were no large steamers in those days.

It was Sunday morning when Benjamin reached Philadelphia.

Here is what Benjamin wrote about his first days in Philadelphia:

“I walked up the street from the boat.

“I came to market Street.

“I met a boy with a loaf of bread.

“I asked him where he bought it.

“He pointed to a little bakeshop.

“I went to the bakeshop and bought three penny rolls.

“They were very large.

"I could not get them in my pocket.

"I put one under each arm, and began to eat the other.

"Then I went on up Market Street.

"I passed the house of a Mr. Read.

"His daughter stood on the doorstep.

"She could not help laughing, I looked so awkward.

"I then went down to the river for a drink of water.

"I gave my other two rolls to a woman and her child.

"I went back up into the town.

"The people were beginning to go to church.

"I walked along with them, and we came to a little Quaker Meeting House.

"I went in and sat down.

"It was very still, and I fell asleep.

"I slept till the people arose to come out. Then somebody awoke me.

"I asked a young Quaker where I could find a lodging.

"He told me to go to the "Crooked Billet" house until I could find another place.

"I went there and had my dinner, and slept soundly all night.

"The next day I went to see the printer.

"In a few days he was able to give me some work.

"Then he found a lodging for me.

"It was at the house of this Mr. Read on Market St.

"I soon found that Mr. Read was the father of the young girl I had seen on Sunday morning.

"She did not laugh at me now. She was very kind to me."

Benjamin soon began to feel at home in this new city.

He made many friends.

He was an industrious young man.

He was never lazy.

By and by, he went to England.

He learned a great deal about printing there.

When he came back to Philadelphia, he started a newspaper of his own.

This young girl who laughed at him became his wife.

Benjamin prospered more and more.

People trusted him.

He had the manners of a gentleman.

Sometimes people wondered that a poor boy could grow to be such a fine gentleman.

He used to write very funny things in his paper.

Poor Richard, 1733.

A N

Almanack

For the Year of Christ

1 7 3 3,

Being the First after LEAP YEAR:

<i>And makes since the Creation</i>	<i>Years</i>
By the Account of the Eastern Greeks	7241
By the Latin Church, when O ent. r	6932
By the Computation of <i>W W.</i>	5742
By the Roman Chronology	5682
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Wherein is contained

The Lunations, Eclipses, Judgment of the Weather, Spring Tides, Planets Motions & mutual Aspects, Sun and Moon's Rising and Setting. Length of Days. Time of High Water, Fairs, Courts, and observable Days

Fitted to the Latitude of Forty Degrees and a Meridien of Five Hours West from London, but may without sensible Error serve all the adjacent Places, even from Newfoundland to South-Carolina,

By *RICHARD SAUNDERS*, Philom.

PHILADELPHIA.

Printed and sold by *B. FRANKLIN*, at the New Printing-Office near the Market.

People liked the paper.

He made an almanac.

He called it "Poor Richard's Almanac."

Did you ever read any of Poor Richard's sayings?

Here are some of them :

Early to bed and early to rise,

Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

Lost time is never found again.

Little strokes fell great oaks.

Never leave till to-morrow, what you can do to-day.

It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.

A word to the wise is enough.

A small leak will sink a great ship.

There are no gains without pains.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Constant dropping wears away stones.

Benjamin came to be a great man.

He wrote very wise books.

He was called Dr. Franklin as he grew older.

He used to like to watch the lightning.

He believed he could bring the lightning down.

He made a kite of silk and went out in thunder storms to fly it.

Of course people thought he was crazy.

He soon proved that the lightning could be brought down.

The great scholars all over the world were pleased.

The newspapers in Europe talked about him.

They called him the greatest man in America.

He had friends now in every country in Europe.

When the great war between America and England broke out, Franklin was sent to the King of England.

He tried to make the English see that they were unjust to America.

He went to the French Court, too.

Great men came to visit him.

He could talk more wisely sometimes than they could.

They liked to hear him talk. He had read all the best books.

He could talk with them all.

But when the war was over, he was glad to come back to America.

He loved his country and would have given his life for it.

He brought his children up to love their country above everything.

Franklin was a good patriot.

When he died, his country mourned for him.

France and England mourned for him, too.

Some say he was the greatest man of his times.

We are sure he was one of the greatest.

He was always kind to poor boys.

He would say "Be brave, my boy. I was once as poor as you are. Work hard and you'll succeed."

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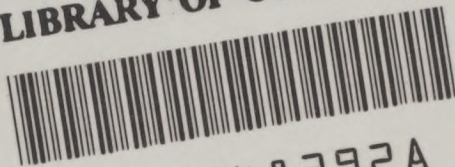
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